## CLASSICOPOPALITERARY COMEDYOF ALL TIME

## of BARON MUNCHAUSEN

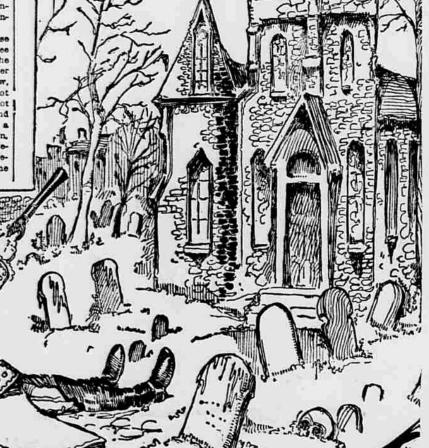
northeast. What must not a poor old man | wits or petit-maitres, have suffered in that severe weather and climate, whom I saw on a bleak common in Poland, lying on the road, helpless, shivering, and hardly having wherewithal to Hubert, and of the noble stag, which apthough I felt the severity of the air myself, I threw my mantle over him, and immediately I heard a voice from the heavens, blessing me for that piece of charity, say-

"You will be rewarded, my son, for this in time." I went on; night and darkness overtook me. No village was to be seen. The country was covered with snow, and I was un-

acquainted with the road. Tired, I alighted, and fastened my horse to something like a pointed stump of a tree which appeared above the snow; for the sake of safety I placed my pistols under my arm, and laid down on the snow, where I slept so soundly that I did not open my eyes till full daylight. It is not easy to conceive my astonishment to find myself in the midst of a village, lying in a churchyard; nor was my horse to be seen but I heard him soon after neigh somewhere above me. On looking upwards I beheld him hanging by his bridle to the

Russia in the midst of winter, from a just jects of your attention, horses and dogs, notion that frost and snow must of course my favorites in the brute creation; also to mend the roads, which every traveler had foxes, welves and bears, with which, and described as uncommonly had through the game in general, Russia abounds more than northern parts of Germany, Poland, Cour- any other part of the world; and to such land and Livonia. I went on horseback, as sports, manly exercises, and feats of galthe most convenient manner of traveling; I lantry and activity as show the gentlewas but lightly clothed, and of this I felt man better than musty Greek or Latin, or the inconvenience the more I advanced all the perfume, finery and capers of French

I dare say you have heard of the hunter and sportsman's saint and protector, St.



## I BEHELD HIM HANGING BY HIS BRIDLE.

covored with snow overnight; a sudden change in the weather had taken place; I had sunk down to the churchyard whilst



I beheld a noble stag with a fine grown cherry tree between his

saleep, gently, and in the same proportion as the snow had melted away; and what in the dark I had taken to be a stump of a little tree appearing above the snow, to which I had tied my horse, proved to have been the cross or weather-cock of the

Without long consideration I took one of my pistols, shot the bridle in two. brought down the horse and proceeded on my journey. (Here the Baron seems to have forgot his feelings; he should certainhave ordered his horse a feed of corn, after fasting so long.)

He carried me well-advancing into the interior parts of Russia. I found traveling on horseback rather unfashionable in winter, therefore I submitted, as I always do, to the custom of the country, took a single horse sledge, and drove briskly toward St. Petersburg. I do not exactly recollect whether it was in Eastland or Jugemanland, but I remember that in the midst of a dreary forest I spied a terrible wolf making after me with all the speed of ravenous winter hunger. He soon overtook me. There was no possibility of escape. Mechanically I laid myself down flat in the sledge, and let my horse run for our safety. What I wished, but hardly hoped or expected, happened immediately after. The wolf did not mind me in the least, but took a leap over me, and falling furiously on the horse, be gan instantly to tear and devour the hindpart of the poor animal, which ran the faster for his pain and terror. Thus unslyly up, and with horror I beheld that the wolf had ate his way into the horse's body; it was not long before he had fairly forced mself into it, when I took my advantage, and fell upon him with the butt-end of my

This unexpected attack in his rear frightened him so much that he leaped forward with all his might; the horse's carcass dropped on the ground, but in his place the wolf was in the harness, and I on my part whipping him continually; we both arrived in full career safe to St. Petersburg, contrary to our respective expectations, and very much to the astonishment of the spec-

I shall not tire you, gentlemen, with the politics, arts, sciences and history of this magnificent metropolis of Russia, nor trouble you with the various intrigues and pleasant adventures I had in the politer circles of that country, where the lady of a dram and a salute. I shall confine my-

cross between his antiers. I have paid my "For God's sake, sir, your fur cloak fellowship, and seen this stag a thousand times either painted in churches, or embroidered in the stars of his knights; so that, upon the honor and conscience of a good sportsman. I hardly know whether

there may not have been formerly or whether there are not such crossed stags even at this present day. But let me rather tell what I have seen myself. Having one day spent all my shot, I found myself unexpectedly in the presence of a stately stag, looking at me as unconcernedly as if he had known of my empty pouches. I charged immediately with powder, and upon it a good handful of cherry-stones, for I had sucked the fruit as far as the hurry would permit. Thus I let fly at him, and hit him just on the middle of the forehead, between his antiers; it stunned him-he staggered-yet he made off. A year or two after, being with a party in the same forest, I beheld a noble stag with a fine grown cherry-tree above ten feet high between his

I immediately recollected my former adventure, looked upon him as my property, and brought him to the ground by one shot, which at once gave me the haunch and cherry-sauce; for the tree was covered with the richest fruit, the like I had never tasted before. Who knows but some passionate, hely sportsman, or sporting abbot or bishop, may have shot, planted and fixed the cross between the antiers of St. Hubert's stag, in a manner similar to this? They always have been, and still are, famous for plantations of crosses and antlers; and in a case of distress or dilemma, which too often happens to keen sportsmen, one is apt to grasp at anything for safety, and to try any expedient rather than miss the favorable opportunity. I have many times found myself in that try-

ing situation. What do you say of this, for example? Daylight and powder were spent one day in a Polish forest. When I was going ho a terrible bear made up to me in great speed, with open mouth, ready to fall upon me; all my pockets were searched in an instant for powder and ball, but in vain; I found nothing but two spare flints; one I flung with all my might into the monster open jaws, down his throat. It gave him pain and made him turn about, so that I could level the second at his back-door; which, indeed, I did with wonderful suc cess; for it flew in, met the first flint in the with a terrible explosion. Though I came safe off that time, yet I should not wish to try it again, or venture against bears with

no other ammunition. There is a kind of fatality in it. The flercest and most dangerous animals generally came upon me when defenseless, as if they had a notion or instinctive intimation of it. Thus a frightful wolf rushed noticed and safe myself, I lifted my head upon me so suddenly, and so close, that I could do nothing but follow mechanical instinct, and thrust my fist into his open on, till my arm was fairly up to the shoulder. How could I disengage myself? I was not much pleased with my awkward situation-with a wolf face to face; our ogling was not of the most pleasant kind. If I withdrew my arm, then the animal would fly the more furiously upon me: that I saw in his flaming eyes. In short, I laid hold of his tall, turned him inside out like a glove, and flung him to the ground,

where I left him. The same expedient would not have answered against a mad dog, which soon after came running against me in a narrow street at St. Petersburg. Run who can, I thought; and to do this the better. I threw off my fur cloak, and was safe within doors in an instant. I sent my servant for the cloak and he put it in the wardrobe with the house always receives the visitor with | my other clothes. The day after I was

mad!" I hastened up to him, and found almost all my clothes tossed about and torn to pieces. The fellow was perfectly right in his apprehensions about the fur



'For God sake, sir, your cloak is mad.' cloak's madness. I saw him myself just then, falling upon a fine full-dress suit, which he shook and tossed in an unmerci-

WHEN THAT I WAS AND A LITTLE TINY BOY.

When that I was and a little tiny boy, With hey, he, the wind and the rain, A foolish thing was but a toy. For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's estate.

Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their For the rain it raineth every day.

With hey, no, the wind and the rain,

But when I came, alasi to wive, With hey, ho, the wind and the rain, By swaggering could I never thrive,

For the rain it raineth every day.

With hey, ho, the wind and the rain, With toss-pots still had drunken heads, For the rain it raineth every day.

With hey, ho, the wind and the rain, But that's all one, our play is done, And we'll strive to please you every day. -Shakespeare.

ON A PICTURE OF HERO AND LEAN-DER.

Why, lover, why Such a water-rover? Would she love thee more For coming half seas over? Why, lady, why

So in love with dipping? Must a lad of Greece Come all over dripping? Why, Cupid, why Make the passage brighter? Were not any boat Better than a lighter?

Why, maiden, why So intrusive standing? Must thou be on the stair
When he is on the landing?
—Thomas Hood. 41111<del>111111111111</del> William the Testy and Antony Van Corlear. 🖡

From Irving's Knickerbocker History

Language cannot express the awful ire of William the Testy on hearing of the catasrophe at Fort Goed Hoop. For three good hours his rage was too great for words, or, rather, the words were too great for him being a very small man), and he was nearly choked by the misshapen, nine-cornered Dutch oaths and epithets which crowded at once into his gullet. At length his words found vent, and for three days he kept up a constant discharge, anathematizing the Yankees, man, woman and child, for a set of dieven, schobbejacken, deugenleten, twistzoekeren, blaes-kaken, loosen-schalken, kakken-bedden, and a thousand other names, of which, unfortunately for posterity history does not make mention. Finally he swore that he would have nothing more to do with such a squatting, bundling, guessing, questioning, swapping, pumpkin-eating, molasses-daubing, shingle-splitting, ciderwatering, horse-jockeying, notion-peddling crew; that they might stay at Fort Goed Hoop and rot before he would dirty his hands by attempting to drive them away; in proof of which he ordered the new-raised troops to be marched forthwith into winter



Nearly choked by the misshapened nine cornered Dutch oaths.

quarters, although it was not as yet quite midsummer. Great despondency now fell upon the city of New Amsterdam. It was feared that the conquerors of Fort Goed Hoop, flushed with victory and apple brandy, might march on to the capital, take it by storm, and annex the whole province to Connecticut. The name of Yankee became as terrible among the Nieuw Nederlanders as was that of Gaul among the ancient Romans, insomuch that the good wives of the Manhattoes used it as unruly children.

Now it came to pass that about this time there lived in the Manhattoes a jolly, robustious trumpeter named Antony Van Corlear, famous for his long wind, and who, as the story goes, could twang so potently upon his instrument that the effect upon all within hearing was like that ascribed to the Scotch bagpipe when it sings right lust-

This sounder of brass was, moreover, a lusty bachelor, with a pleasant, burly visage, a long nose and huge whiskers. He had his little bowerie, or retreat, in the country, where he led a roystering life, giving dances to the wives and daughters of the burghers of the Manhattees, insomuch that he became a prodigious favorite with all the women, young and old. He is said to have been the first to collect that famous toll levied on the fair sex as Kissing Bridge, on the highway to Heligate.

To this sturdy bachelor the eyes of all the romen were turned in this time of darkness and peril, as the very man to second and carry out the plans of defense of the Governor. A kind of petticoat council was then forthwith held at the Government House, at which the Governor's lady presided, and this lady, as has been hinted, being all potent with the Governor, the result of these councils was the elevation of Antony the Trumpeter to the post of Commandant of Windmills and Champion of New Amster-

The city being thus fortified and garrito see the Governor snapping his fingers and fidgeting with delight, as the trumpeter strutted up and down the ramparts twang- sure as me name is Jimmy Butler!" ing defiance to the whole Yankee race, as does a modern editor to all the principalities and powers on the other side of the Atlantic. In the hands of Antony Van Corlean this windy instrument appeared to him as potent as the horn of the paladin Astolpho, or even the more classic horn of Alecto; nay, he had almost the temerity to compare it with the rams' horns celebrated in Holy Writ, at the very sound of which the walls Be all this as it may, the apprehensions

of hostilities from the east gradually died



Antony Van Corlear.

away. The Yankees made no further invasion; nay, they declared they had only taken possession of Fort Goed Hoop as be ing erected within their territories. So far from manifesting hostility, they combined to throng to New Amsterdam with the most innocent countenances imaginable, filling the market with their notions, being as ready to trade with the Nederlanders as ever-and not a whit more prone to get to the wineward of them in a bargain.

JIMMY BUTLER AND THE OWL.

find Dennis. Sure he was very kind indade straight south a mile an' a half, and the first house would be Dennis's.

he "for the sun is low, and mind you don't get lost in the woods." "Is it lost now," said I, "that I'll be gittin', an' me uncle as great a navigator as iver steered a ship across the thrackless say! Not a bit of it, though Pm obleeged to ye for your kind advice, and thank yes

Just then I heard somebody a long way off say, "Whip poor Will!" "Bedad," sez I 'I'm glad that it isn't Jamie that's got to take it, though it seems it's more in sor row than in anger they are doin' it, or why should they say, 'poor Will?' an' sure they can't be Injin, haythin, or naygur, for it's plain English they're afther spakin'. Maybe they might help me out o' this," so I shouted at the top of my voice, "A lost man!" Thin I listened. Presently an an-

loud as I could roar, an' snatchin' up me bundle and stick, I started in the direc tion of the voice. Whin I thought I had got near the place I stopped and shouted again, "A lost man!"

over my head. "Sure," thinks I, "It's a mighty quare place for a man to be at this time of night; | Did ye hear of the Widow Malone, maybe it's some settler scrapin' sugar off a sugar-bush for the children's breakfast in the mornin'. But where's Will and the rest of them?" All this wint through me head like a flash, an' thin I answered his

inquiry. "Jamie Butler, the waiver," sez I: "and if it wouldn't inconvanience yer honor, would yez be kind enough to step down and show me the way to the house of Den

"Paddy McFiggin! bad luck to your deaf ould head, Paddy McFiggin, I say-do ye hear that? An' he was the tallest man in all County Tipperary, excipt Jim Doyle, the blacksmith."

"Jim Doyle, the blacksmith," sez I, "ye good for nothin' blaggard navgur, and i soned, it would have done one's heart good | yez don't come down and show me the way this min't, I'll climb up there and break every bone in your skin, ye spalpeen, so

> pident as ever. I said niver a word, but lavin' down me oundle, and takin' me stick in me teeth, I began to climb the tree. Whin I got among the branches I looked quietly around till I saw a pair of big eyes jus

forninst me. "Whist," sez I, "and I'll let him have a taste of an Irish stick," and wid that I et drive and lost me balance an' came tumblin' to the ground, nearly breakin me neck wid the fall. Whin I came to me sinsis I had a very sore head wid a lump on it like a goose egg, and half of me Sunday coat-tall torn off intirely. spoke to the chap in the tree, but could git niver an answer, at all, at all.

Sure, thinks I, he must have gone home to rowl up his head, for by the powers I didn't throw me stick for nothin'.

and I could see a little, and I determined to make one more effort to reach Dennis's. I wint on cautiously for a while, an' thin I heard a bell. "Sure," sez I. "I'm comin" to a settlement now, for I hear the church pell." I kept on toward the sound till I came to an ould cow wid a bell on. She started to run, but I was too quick for her, and got her by the tail and hung on, thinkin' that maybe she would take me out of the woods. On we wint, like an ould country streple-chase, till, sure enough, we came out to a clearin' and a house in sight wid a light in it. So, leaving the ould cow puffin and blowin' in a shed. I went to the house and as luck would have it, whose should

He gave me a raal Irish welcome, and introduced me to his two daughters as purty a pair of girls as iver ye clapped an eye on. But whin I tould him my adventure in the woods, and about the fellow sho made fun of me, they all laughed and roared, and Dennis said it was an owl "An ould what?" sez I.

"Why, an owl, a bird," ses he, "Do you tell me now?" sez I. "Sure it's quare country and a quare bird." And thin they all laughed again, till at last I laughed myself, that hearty like, and dropped right into a chair between the two purty girls, and the ould chap winked at

me and roared again. Dennis is me father-in-law now, and he often yet delights to tell our children about their daddy's adventure wid the owl.

It was in the summer of '46 that I landed at Hamilton, fresh as a new pratie just dug from the "ould sod," and with a light heart and a heavy bundle I sot off for the township of Buford, tiding a taste of a song, as merry a young fellow as iver took the road. Well, I trudged on and on, past many a plistnt place, pleasin' myself wid the thought that some day I might have a place of my own, wid a world of chickens and ducks and pigs and childer about the door; and along in the afternoon of the slcond day I got to Buford village. A cousin of me mother's, one Dennis O'Dowd, lived about sivin miles from there, and I wanted to make his place that night, so I inquired the way at the tavern, and was lucky to find a man who was goin' part of the way an' would show me the way to Loses them too; then down he throws an' when I got out of his wagon he pointed me through the wood and tould me to go

"An' you've no time to lose now," said

An' with that he drove off an' left me alone. I shouldered me bundle bravely, an whistlin' a bit of tune for company like, I pushed into the bush. Well, I went a long way over bogs, and turnin' round among the bush an' trees till I began to think l must be well nigh to Dennis's. But, bac cess to it! all of a sudden I came out of the wood at the very identical spot where I started in, which I knew by an ould crotched tree that seemed to be standin' on its head and kickin' up its heels to make livarsion of me. By this time it was growin' dark, and as there was no time to ose, I started in a second time, determined o keep straight south this time and no mistake. I got on bravely for a while, but och honel och honel it got so dark I couldn't see the trees, and I bumped me nose and barked me shins, while the miskatles bit me hands and face to a blister; an' after tumblin' and stumblin' around till I was fairly bamfoozled, I sat down on a log, all of a trimble, to think that I was lost intirely, an' that maybe a lion or some other wild craythur would devour me before morning.

Through seas of inky air "Who? Whoo? Whooo?"

"Jamle Butler, the waiver!" sez I, as

nis O'Dowd?" "Who! Whoo! Whooo!" sez he. "Dennis O'Dowd," sez I, civil enough "and a dacent man he is, and first cousin to me own mother."

"Who! Whoo' Whooo!" sez he again "Me mother!" sez I, "and as fine a wom an as iver peeled a biled pratte wid her thumb nail, and her maiden name was But so modest was Mrs. Malone, Molly McFiggin."

"Who! Whoo! Whooo!"

"Who! Whoo! Whooo!" "Who! Whoo! Whooo!" sez he, as im-

Well, by this time the moon was up



With these, the crystal of his brow. At cards for kisses-Cupid paid: He stakes his quiver, bow and arrows, His mother's doves, and team of sparrows;

The coral of his lip, the rose

Growing on's cheek (but none knows how);

To the Terrestrial Globe.

By a Miserable Wretch.

Through pathless realms of space

What though I'm in a sorry case?

It's true I've got no shirts to wear;

It's true my butcher's bill is due;

But don't let that unsettle you!

Who lived in the town of Athlone

Of the swains in them parts;

So lovely the Widow Malone.

Of lovers she had a full score,

From the minister down

To the clerk of the Crown,

And fortunes they all had galore

All were courting the Widow Malone,

All were courting the Widow Malone,

That no one could see her alone,

So lovely the Widow Malone,

Never you mind!

It's true my prospects all look blue;

The Widow Malone.

Ohonel

Ohonel

Or more;

In store:

Ohonet

Ohonet

'Twas known.

What though I cannot meet my blis? What though I suffer toothache's ills?

What though I swallow countless pilis?

Roll on, thou ball, roll on!

Never you mind:

Roll on, thou ball, roll on!

Roll on!

Roll on!

And then the dimple of his chin: All these did my Campaspe win. At last he set her both his eyes, She won, and Cupid blind did rise. O Love! has she done this to thee? What shall, alas! become of ne?

-Lyly. Let them ogle and sigh They could be're catch her eye;

So bashful the Widow Malone,

So bashful the Widow Malone, Till one Mister O'Brien from Clare, How quarel "Tis little for blushing they care Down there

Put his arm round her waist. Gave ten kisses at laste, And says he, "You're my Molly Malone Says he, You're my Molly Malone."

And the widow they all thought so shy-For why? "Oh, Lucius?" said she,

"Since ye've now made so free You may marry your Mary Malone You may marry your Mary Malone." There's a moral contained in my song,

Not wrong If for widows you die, Learn to kiss-not to sigh. For they're all like sweet mistress Malo

Ohonel Oh, they're all like sweet Mistress Malonet —Charies Lever. At the Sign of the Three Jolly

Pigeons. Let schoolmasters puzzle their brain. With grammar, and nonsense, and learn-Good liquor, I stoutly maintain,

Gives genus a better discerning. Let them brag of their heathenish gods, Their Lethes, their Styxes, and Stygians; Their quis, and their quoes, and their quods They're all but a parcel of pigeons. Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

When Methodist preachers come down, A preaching that drinking is sinful, I'll wager the rascals a crown They always preach best with a skin-full. But when you come down with your pence, For a slice of their scurvy religion, I'll leave it to all men of sense,

Then come, put the forum about, And let us be merry and clever; Our hearts and our liquors are stout. Here's the Three Jolly Pigeons for ever! Let some cry up woodcock or hare, Your bustards, your ducks, and your wid-

Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

But of all the birds in the air. Here's a health to the Three Jolly Pigeons! Toroddle, toroddle, toroll. -Goldsmith

Heh nonny no! Men are fools that wish to die! Is't not fine to dance and sing When the bells of death do ring? Is't not fine to swim in wine And turn upon the toe And sing hey nonny no. When the winds blow and the seas flow? Hey nonny no!

THE MARRIAGE OF THE FROG AND THE MOUSE.



The frog would a-wooing ride, Sword and buckler by his side.

It was the frog in the well, Humbledum, humbledum, And the merry mouse in the mill.

Sword and buckler by his side.

When he upon his high horse set. His boots they shone as black as jet. When he came to the merry mill-pin-"Lady Mouse, been you within?" Then came out the dusty mouse:

Hast thou any mind of me?" "I have e'en great mind of thea." "Who skall this marriage make?"

"I am Lady of this house:

Our Lord which is the rat." What shall we have to our supper?" "Three beans in a pound of butter." When supper they were at,

The frog, the mouse, and e'en the rate Then came in Gib, our cat, And catched the mouse o'en by the back

Then did they separate, And the frog leaped on the floor so flat.

Then came in Dick our drake, And drew the frog e'en to the lake. The rat run up the wall,

A goodly company, the Devil go with all! Tweedle tweedle twine.